

(1)

THE

Grumbling Hive :

OR,

K N A V E S

Turn'd HONEST.

A Spacious Hive well stock'd with Bees,
That lived in Luxury and Ease;
And yet as fam'd for Laws and Arms,
As yielding large and early Swarms;
Was counted the great Nursery
Of Sciences and Industry.

No Bees had better Government,
More Fickleness, or less Content:
They were not Slaves to Tyranny,
Nor ruled by wild Democracy;
But Kings, that could not wrong, because
Their Power was circumscrib'd by Laws.

These Insects lived like Men, and all
Our Actions they perform'd in small:
They did whatever's done in Town;
And what belongs to Sword, or Gown:
Tho' th' Artful Works, by nible Slight;
Of minute Limbs, 'scaped Human Sight:
Yet we've no Engines, Labourers,
Ships, Castles, Arms, Artificers,
Craft, Science, Shop, or Instrument,
But they had an Equivalent:
Which, since their Language is unknown,
Must be call'd, as we do our own.
As grant, that among other Things
They wanted Dice, yet they had Kings;
And those had Guards; from whence we may
Justly conclude, they had some Play;
Unless a Regiment be shewn
Of Soldiers, that make use of none.

Vast Numbers thronged the fruitful Hive;
Yet those vast Numbers made 'em thrive;
Millions endeavouring to supply
Each other's Lust and Vanity;

Whilst other Millions were employ'd,
To see their Handy-works destroy'd;
They furnish'd half the Universe;
Yet had more Work than Labourers.
Some with vast Stocks, and little Pains
Jump'd into Business of great Gains;
And some were dam'd to Sythes and Spades,
And all those hard laborious Trades;
Where willing Wretches daily sweat,
And wear out Strength and Limbs to eat:
Whilst others follow'd Mysteries,
To which few Folks bind Apprentices;
That want no Stock, but that of Brains,
And may set up without a Cross;
As Sharpers, Parasites, Pimps, Players,
Pick-Pockets, Coiners, Quacks, Sooth-Sayers,
And all those, that, in Enmity
With down-right Working, cunningly
Convert to their own Use the Labour
Of their good-natur'd heedless Neighbour:
These were call'd Knaves; but, bar the Name,
The grave Industrious were the Same.
All Trades and Places knew some Cheat,
No Calling was without Deceit.

The Lawyers, of whose Art the Basis
Was raising Feuds and splitting Cases,
Opposed all Registers, that Cheats
Might make more Work with dipt Estates:
As wasn't unlawful, that one's own,
Without a Law Suit, should be known.
They kept off Hearings wilfully,
To sinder the retaining Fee;
And to defend a wicked Cause,
Brain'd and survey'd the Laws;

As Burglars Shops and Houses do;
To find out where they'd best break through.

Physicians valued Fame and Wealth
Above the drooping Patient's Health,
Or their own Skill: The greatest Part
Study'd, instead of Rules of Art;
Grave penfive Looks, and dull Behaviour;
To gain th' Apothecary's Favour,
The Praise of Mid-wives, Priests and all,
That served at Birth, or Funeral;
To bear with th' ever-talking Tribe,
And hear my Lady's Aunt prescribe;
With formal Smile, and kind How d'ye,
To fawn on all the Family;
And, which of all the greatest Curse is,
T' endure th' Impertinence of Nurses.

Among the many Priests of *Jove*,
Hir'd to draw Blessings from Above,
Some few were learn'd and eloquent,
But Thousands hot and ignorant:
Yet all past Master, that could hide
Their Sloth, Lust, Avarice and Pride;
For which they were as famed, as Taylors
For Cabbage; or for Brandy, Sailors:
Some meagre look'd, and meanly clad
Would mystically pray for Bread,
Meaning, by that an ample Store,
Yet lit'rally receiv'd no more;
And, whilst these holy Drudges starv'd,
Some lazy Ones, for which they serv'd,
Indulg'd their Ease, with all the Graces
Of Health and Plenty in their Faces.

The Soldiers, that were forced to fight,
If they survived, got Honour by't;
Tho' some, that shunn'd the bloody Fray,
Had Limbs shot off, that ran away:
Some valiant Gen'als fought the Foe;
Others took Bribes to let them go:
Some ventur'd always, where 'twas warm;
Lost now a Leg, and then an Arm;
Till quite disabled, and put by,
They lived on half their Salary;
Whilst others never came in Play,
And staid at Home for Double Pay.

Their Kings were serv'd; but Knavishly
Cheated by their own Ministry;
Many, that for their Welfare slaved,
Robbing the very Crown they saved:
Pensions were small, and they lived high,
Yet boasted of their Honesty.
Calling, whene'er they strain'd their Right,
The slippery Trick a Perquisite;
And, when Folks understood their Cant,
They chang'd that for Emolument;
Unwilling to be short, or plain,
In any thing concerning Gain:

For there was not a Bee, but would
Get more, I won't say, than he should;
But than he dared to let them know,
That pay'd for't; as your Gamesters do,
That, tho' at fair Play, ne'er will own
Before the Losers what they've won.

But who can all their Frauds repeat!
The very Stuff, which in the Street
They sold for Dirt t' enrich the Ground,
Was often by the Buyers found
Sophisticated with a Quarter
Of Good-for-nothing, Stones and Mortar;
Tho' Flail had little Cause to mutter,
Who sold the other Salt for Butter.

Justice her self, famed for fair Dealing,
By Blindness had not lost her Feeling;
Her Left Hand, which the Scales should hold,
Had often dropt 'em, bribed with Gold;
And, tho' she seem'd impartial,
Where Punishment was corporal,
Pretended to a reg'lar Course,
In Murder, and all Crimes of Force;
Tho' some, first Pillory'd for Cheating,
Were hang'd in Hemp of their own beating;
Yet, it was thought, the Sword she bore
Check'd but the Desperate and the Poor;
That, urg'd by mere Necessity,
Were tied up to the wretched Tree
For Crimes, which not deserv'd that Fate,
But to secure the Rich, and Great.

Thus every Part was full of Vice,
Yet the whole Mass a Paradise;
Flatter'd in Peace, and fear'd in Wars.
They were th' Esteem of Foreigners,
And lavish of their Wealth and Lives,
The Ballance of all other Hives.
Such were the Blessings of that State;
Their Crimes conspired to make 'em Great;
And Vertue, who from Politicks
Had learn'd a Thousand cunning Tricks,
Was, by their happy Influence,
Made Friends with Vice: And ever since
The worst of all the Multitude
Did something for the common Good.

This was the State's Craft, that maintain'd
The Whole, of which each Part complain'd:
This, as in Musick Harmony,
Made Jarrings in the Main agree;
Parties directly opposite
Assist each oth'r, as 'twere for Spight;
And Temp'rance with Sobriety
Serve Drunkenness and Gluttony.

The Root of evil Avarice,
That damn'd ill-natur'd baneful Vice,
Was Slave to Prodigality,
That Noble Sin; whilst Luxury

Employ'd



Employ'd a Million of the Poor,
And odious Trade a Million more;
Envy it self, and Vanity
Were Ministers of Industry;
Their darling Folly, Prodiges
In Diet, Furniture, and Dress,
That strange, pernicious Vice, was made
The very Wheel, that turn'd the Trade.
Their Laws and Cloaths were equally
Objects of Mutability;
For, what was well done for a Time,
In half a Year became a Crime;
Yet whilst they alter'd thus their Laws,
Still finding and correcting Plaws,
They mended by Inconstancy
Faults, which no Prudence could foresee.

Thus Vice nurst Ingenuity,
Which join'd with Time, and Industry
Had carry'd Life's Conveniences,
It's real Pleasures, Comforts, Ease
To such a Height, the very Poor
Lived better than the Rich before;
And nothing could be added more:

How vain is Mortals Happiness!
Had they but known the Bounds of Bliss;
And, that Perfection here below
Is more, than Gods can well bestow,
The grumbling Brutes had been content
With Ministers and Government.

But they, at every ill Success,
Like Creatures lost without Redress,
Curst Politicians, Armies, Fleets;
Whilst every one cry'd, Damn the Cheats,
And would, tho' Conscious of his own,
In Others barb'rously bear none.

One, that had got a Princely Store,
By cheating Master, King, and Poor,
Dared cry aloud; The Land must sink
For all its Fraud; And whom d'ye think
The Sermonizing Rascal chid
A Glover that sold Lamb for Kid.

The last Thing was not done amiss,
Or cross'd the Publick Business;
But all the Rogues cry'd brazenly,
Good Gods, had we but Money!
Merry smiled at th' Impudence;
And Others call'd it want of Sense,
Always to rail at what they loved:
But Foe, with Indignation moved,
At last in Anger swore, he'd rid
The bawling Hive of Fraud, and did.
The very Moment it departs,
And Honesty fills all their Hearts;
There shews 'em, like the Instructive Tree,
Those Crimes, which they're ashamed to see.
Which now in Silence they confess,
By Blushing at their Uglyness;
Like Children, that would hide their Faults,
And by their Colour own their Thoughts;
Imag'ning, when they're look'd upon,
That others see, what they have done.

But, Oh ye Gods! What Consternation,
Vast and sudden was the Alteration!

In half an Hour, the King's great Council,
Meat fell a Penny in the Pound;
The Mask Hypocrites was thrown, and said
From the great Council they were banish'd
And some, in better Lodgings known, a sign of
Appear'd like Strangers in their own, of won his own
The Bar was beat from that Day;
For now the willing Debtors pay,
Even what's by Creditors forgot;
Who quitted them, who had it not.
Those, that were in the Wrong, stood mute,
And dropt the patch'd vexatious Suit.
On which, since nothing left can thrive,
Than Lawyers in an honest Hive,
All, except those, that got enough,
With Ink-horns by their Sides trooped off.

Justice hang'd some, set others free;
And, after Goal-delivery,
Her Presence being no more requir'd,
With all her Train, and Pomp retir'd.
First marched some Smiths, with Locks and Grates,
Petters, and Doors with Iron Plates;
Next Goalers, Turnkeys, and Assistants;
Before the Goddess, at some distance,
Her chief and faithful Minister
Squire Catch, the Laws great Finisher,
Bore not th' imaginary Sword,
But his own Tools, an Ax and Cord;
Then on a Cloud the Hood-wink'd fair
Justice her self was push'd by Air:
About her Chariot, and behind,
Were Sergeants, Buns of every kind,
Tip-Staffs, and all those Officers,
That squeeze a Living out of Tears.

Tho' Physick liv'd, whilst Fools were ill,
None would prescribe, but Bees of Skill;
Which, through the Hive dispers'd so wide,
That none of 'em had need to ride,
Waved vain Disputes; and strove to free
The Patients of their Misery;
Left Drugs in cheating Countries grown,
And used the Product of their own,
Knowing the Gods sent no Disease
To Nations without remedies.

Their Clergy cou'd from Laziness,
Laid not their Charge on Journey-Bears;
But serv'd themselves, exempt from Vice,
The Gods with Pray'r and Sacrifice;
All those, that were unfit, or knew,
Their Service might be spared, withdrew:
Nor was their Business for so many,
(If th' Honest stand in need of any.)
Few only with the High-Priest staid,
To whom the rest Obedience paid:
Himself, employ'd in holy Cases;
Resign'd to others State Affairs;
He chased no Starv'ling from his Door,
Nor pinch'd the Wages of the Poor:
But at his House the Hungry fed,
The Hireling finds unmeasur'd Bread,
The needy Trav'ler Board and Bed.

Among the King's great Ministers,
And all th' inferior Officers

The Change was great; for though
They now lived on *their* *hives*,
That a poor Bee should *not* *be* *seen*
To ask his Due, a *little* *more*
And by some well-to-do *men*
To give a *Crown*, *was* *not* *the* *same*
Would now be called a *down-right* *King*
Tho' formerly a *Perquisite*.
All Places; managed first by *Three*,
Who watch'd each other's *Knavery*,
And often for a *Fellow-feeling*,
Promoted *one* *another's* *Stealing*,
Are happily supply'd by *one*;
By which some *Thousands* *more* *are* *known*.

No Honour now could be content
To live, and owe for what was spent.
Liveries in Brokers Shops are hung,
They part with Coaches for a *song*,
Sell stately Houses by whole *sets*,
And Country Houses to *pay* *debts*.

Vain Cost is shunn'd as much as *fraud*;
They have no forces kept *abroad*;
Laugh at the Esteem of *Foreigners*,
And empty Glory got by *Wars*;
They fight but for their Country's *Sake*,
When Right or Liberty's at *Stake*.

Now mind the glorious *Hive*, and see,
How *Honesty* and *Trade* agree;
The *Shew* is gone, it thins *apace*;
And looks with quite another *Face*;
For 'twas not only that they *went*,
By whom vast Sums were *Yearly* *spent*;
But *Multitudes*, that lived on *them*,
Were daily forc'd to do the *same*.
In vain to other Trades they'd *fly*;
All were o're-flocked accordingly.

The Price of Land, and Houses falls
Mirac'ous Palaces, whole *Walls*,
Like those of *Thebes*, were raised by *Play*,
Are to be let; whilst the once *gay*,
Well-seated Househ'ld Gods would be
More pleas'd to expire in *Flames*, than *see*;
The mean Inscription on the *Door*,
Smile at the lofty Ones they *bore*.
The Building Trace is quite *destroy'd*,
Artificers are not *employ'd*;
No *Linner* for his Art is *found*,
Stone-cutters, Carvers are not *named*.

Those, that remain'd, grown *temperate*, *live*.
Not how to spend; but how to *live*;
And, when they paid the Tavern *Score*,
Relov'd to enter it no *more*;
No *Vintners* jilt in all the *Hive*,
Could wear now Cloths of *Gold* and *thrive*;
Nor *Torres* such vast sums *advance*,
For *Burgundy* and *Ortelans*;
The *Courtier's* gone, that with his *Mills*
Supp'd at his House on *Christmas* *Peas*;
Spending as much in two *Hours* *stay*,
As keeps a Troop of Horse a *Day*.

The Haughty *Chloe*; to live *Great*,
Had made her Husband rob the *State*.

But now the fells her *Passions*,
Which the *Judges* had been *making* *laws*,
Contracts the expensive *Bill* of *Wares*,
And wears her *strong* *Suit* a *whole* *Year*,
The *light* and *schle* *Age* is *past*,
And *Cloaths*, as well as *Fallows*, *lost*,
Weavers that loyn'd rich *Silks* with *Wool*,
And all the *Trades* *subordinate*,
Are gone. Still *Peace* and *Plenty* *reign*,
And every thing is cheap, tho' *plain*.
Kind Nature, free from *Care* and *force*,
Allows all Fruits in her own *Country*,
But *Rarities* cannot be *had*,
Where Pains to get 'em are not *paid*.

As *Pride* and *Luxury* decrease,
So by degrees they leave the *Seas*,
Not *Merchants* now; but *Companies*,
Remove whole *Manufactories*,
All *Arts* and *Crafts* neglected *be*,
Content the the *Bane* of *Industry*,
Makes 'em admire their *humble* *Store*,
And neither seek, nor court *more*.

So few in the vast *Hive* remain,
The *Hundredth* part they can't maintain
Against th' *Insults* of numerous *Forces*,
Whom yet they valiantly oppose
Till some well-fenced *Retreat* is *found*,
And here they die, or stand their *Ground*.

No *Hireling* in their *Armies* *known*,
But bravely fighting for their *own*,
Their *Courage* and *Integrity*
At last were crown'd with *Victory*.
They triumph'd not without their *Cost*,
For many *Thousands* *Bees* were *lost*,
Hard'n'd with *Toils*, and *Exercise*,
They counted *Ease* itself a *Vice*,
Which so improv'd their *Temperance*,
That to avoid *Extravagance*,
They flew into a hollow *tree*,
Blest with content and *Honesty*.

The MORAL

Then leave Complaints: Poets only strive
To make a Great an *empty* *Hive*,
To enjoy the World's *Conveniences*,
Be fam'd in *War*, yet live in *Rest*,
Without great *Vices*, is a *vain* *quest*,
Europea seated in the *Brain*,
Fraud, *Luxury*, and *Pride* must *live*,
We live as the *Bees* *live*,
Hunger's a dreadful *Plague* no *doubt*,
Yet not digests or *stirves* without
Do we not owe the Growth of *Wine*
To the dry, crooked, shabby *Vines*,
Which, with its *stems* neglected *Wood*,
Cloath'd other *Plants*, and *nan* to *Wood*,
But it is with its *Noble* *Fruits*,
As soon as it was *tied*, and *cut*:
So *Vice* is *beneficial* *found*,
When it's by *Justice* *lopt*, and *bound*,
Nay, where the *People* would be *great*,
As necessary to the *State*,
As *Hunger* is to make 'em *eat*.
But *Virtue* can't make *Nations* *live*,
In *Splendour*, they, that would *revive*
A *Golden* *Age*, must be as *free*,
For *Acorns*, as for *Honey*.

F. I. N. I. S.

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